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765 Still, those who were not afraid went occasionally to the grave, sometimes taking food. Bodies tended to mummify in the dry air and could be seen through the chinks in the masonry looking as in life. One Mexicanized woman told of going for years to look at her dead husband with his red sash and his violin. Another married a second husband and, when she still kept dreaming of the first, the second went to the grave and threatened him: "Leave her alone or else I will dig you up and burn your bones!"

765 177 There is a yearly festival of feeding the dead, which is now thoroughly amalgamated with the Christian feast of All Souls, but which has some likeness to the Aztec custom of sending property to the dead by burning once a year for four years.[1]

766 The feeding and gifts for the dead applied only to those who had been buried. Those who had died on the warpath or at home, from enemy wounds, were cremated, without ceremony. Only purified Enemy Slayers were competent to touch the corpse or his effects, because "it would make them sick". The officiants followed no ritual. They placed the weapons with the body, piled what wood they could find over and under it and burned it as quickly as possible. The kindred wailed but not at the cremation site, "because they were afraid."

Cremation was definitely for the purpose of destroying enemy magic, for it did not take place after accidental shooting at the hunt, nor after murder by a fellow Papago. Only enemy wounds made it necessary. That the enemy need not always be the Apache, is shown by a Spanish account which relates how, when a Jesuit priest was killed by revolting "Pimas" his friendly parishioners burned his body; "this burning is the manner in which the Pimas treat their dead whom they most esteem".[2] It was not the heroism but the enemy magic which necessitated the burning.

766 172 The Hohokam, or ancient inhabitants of Papagueria, habitually burned their dead and kept the ashes in jars. If the Papago, as Gladwin[3] suggests are degenerate remains of this ancient culture, their habit of cremation in this one respect, might be a survival of the former practice. But it might equally well be related to the custom of the Aztecs, who disposed of their dead by cremation or burial, according to the manner of death.[4]

768 Immediately after a death of any kind, the family pulled down the house to prevent its being visited by ghosts. The house was a

[1] Sahagun, Seler p. 297.
[2] Velarde section 3, p. 145.
[3] Gladwin 1929.
[4] Sahagun, Seler, pp. 300, 301, 298, 299.

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flimsy affair and this destruction was probably an aid to sanitation. 768
But the four mesquite posts of the frame work were hard to come by so they were generally moved and a new house built around them. There are traditions of bereaved families who threw away all their property or burned it, after the Mohave fashion, but most people denied this. "We couldn't have lived. We were too poor" (11). But if there had been many deaths in succession, the family left everything but what they could carry on their backs and went to seek asylum with distant relatives. It was thought better to leave the fields to others while they were so ghost ridden.

Women, in mourning, cut their hair to the neck, men to the 301
shoulders. Hair should be buried at a distance, out of reach of 302
animals but since it was such valuable property, there were some 765
who ventured to use it for hair ropes. Used in a carrying basket, [777]
one old woman stated, it even brought luck. Those who had not lost a spouse wailed for the ritual four days and then went about their occupations but widows and widowers must mourn longer. A widow, in the very ancient times, wore nothing but a breechclout and went unpainted for a year, after which she might marry again. A widower went unpainted and his period of mourning was thought by most to be a year but one man said he could marry after four days. "A woman could work and take care of herself for a year, but a man needed some one to work for him" (1).

If the husband had died, the wife might marry one of his younger 768
siblings but otherwise she went back to her family group. Very young children who needed her care, she would take with her, but older ones would be left to be brought up in her husband's group, probably by his mother. An elderly widow often remained in the adopted group, with her sons to support her. But there is one example of such a woman who returned, with all her grown sons, because her home field was better (I. 1. A 3). At the end of the mourning period, if she were of marriageable age, her family found her another husband. Children of her first husband were likely to be sent back to his family group, but if that was inconvenient, they stayed with her parents. She rarely took them into the new home.

If the wife died, the children remained in the husband's group, cared for by his mother or one of his brothers' wives. If he had been satisfactory, he might be given one of the wife's classificatory younger sisters. Otherwise he took a new wife and the children of the former one remained with his mother.

The souls of the dead went to the east, escorted by their ancestors, 775
who came for the dying man in the shape of owls. This was true whether they had died of illness or of enemy wounds. The soul

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term but either is followed by the suffix — pat (deceased). Most names contain adjectives and nouns in common use, but the relatives do not avoid these words in daily speech. The shaman, who names children from his dreams, would not give the name of a dead person to a new child in the family.

A form of tears greeting is practised after there has been a death in a family. When relatives meet, who have not seen each other since the death, they approach weeping and spend some time wailing together. This is now done only by the women, but in the old days men wept too. When a village holds a ceremony to which people will come from a distance, the women of bereaved families stand in front of their houses weeping as visitors approach. Visiting female relatives join them and all wail, using the kin term of the deceased.[1]

[1] Cf. Eskimo, Thalbitzer, pp. 78—89, and Navajo, personal information, Dr. Reichard.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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He put his marriage to me on it. When you see the stick, you will find it there. 159x 173

This husband was one of the clowns who makes the people laugh at our great harvest ceremony. The clowns wear masks, you know, great white bags of deerskin, pulled down over their faces with tiny eyes painted on them and just little holes to see through. They talk in a squeaky voice because we think the clown is a magic person who comes from far in the north and talks a language we do not know. So when we went to the harvest festival and I saw the clown, I never knew it was my own husband. 159x 796

He and I always went to the harvest festivals. He was good to me; he took me everywhere. I have been lucky in my husbands; I never had to stay home.

The festival was always at the Narrow Place where Elder Brother told us to have it in the beginning. We all went there with our teams, starting ten days early. We took with us corn meal and grinding stones and plenty of dried food, so we could entertain all our relatives when they came to our camp. There we cut branches and put up little shelters for ourselves, but we did not need much for it was in the month of Pleasant Cold. [574]

All day long our men went away to practise in the big shelter where the singing was to be. We heard their songs floating over to us, we women, and we were glad. Of course, we did not go near the shelter. Those songs are for men, they are very sacred things. You cannot ask any Indian woman about the harvest festival. That is a thing from which we keep far away.

But we were happy. We cooked all day long, on the little fires outside our shelters. Always some relative was coming to stand there and smile at us: "My elder sister!" "My younger sister!" "My father's younger sister!" "My mother's older sister!"

When one came who had had some one die since we saw her last, we all stood there and cried in the sunshine, to show her how we all felt together. [765]

In the evening, when we were getting supper ready, the clowns would come running to all the camps squeaking in their sacred voices and holding a basket out for food, to feed the men in the Big House. Then we all gave them food, and we were afraid of them, too, because clowns have much power. Once I put tamales in the clown's basket, and there, under the white blanket that was tied around him, I saw a piece of my husband's trousers. "I'm not going to give you anything more," I said. "I know you now." The other women said I must not speak like that. They were afraid. So I kept on giving him food.

At the festival, my husband cured the sick people. Everybody who feels badly sits in a row at that feast and they call to the clown: 159x 796 755